

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

VOL. VIII

Registered U. S. Patent Office

AUGUST, 1927

No. 7

## Introducing COLUMBIAN TARRED HEMP LINES



A Tarred Hemp Line has been perfected by the Columbian Rope Company, makers of the famous *Tape-Marked* Pure Manila Rope.

This Line has successfully withstood the severest tests to which Fishermen could subject it and is now being distributed by our branch office in Boston and through Columbian Jobbers and Dealers.

Columbian Tarred Hemp Lines will not kink. They are *tempered for easy handling* and will "coil down" properly. To the best of our knowledge, they will outwear any line on the market. They are made from carefully selected Italian Hemp and impregnated with a specially prepared tar.

Ask for Columbian Tarred Hemp Lines at your Dealer's and if he does not stock them, write direct to us.



**Columbian Rope Company**

362-90 Genesee Street

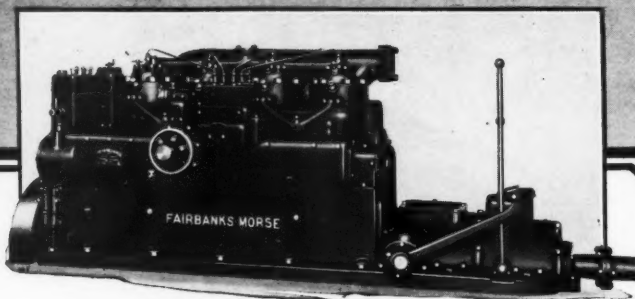
Auburn, "The Cordage City" N. Y.

Branches:

New York Chicago Boston New Orleans



Boston Office and Warehouse - 38 Commercial Wharf



The 40 hp. Fairbanks-Morse Diesel Engine. With other F-M Diesel Engines of 20 hp., 30 hp., and larger, it represents the furthest advance in Diesel construction.

## In two years you discover the *difference*

**O**F course you can see the quality in every detail of the F-M Diesel Engine—but you can't fully appreciate this quality until you have watched the engine on the job.

The first thing you notice is the way the engine responds to the control wheel—idles down until you can watch the flywheel turn over or picks up with the snap of an automobile engine. That's the proof of perfected design.

But after a year or two of this smooth, even running you'll begin to find that the simplicity of this engine means even more. The toughest thing about most engines—valve grinding and setting—is wiped out by Fairbanks-Morse design—also a whole string of other trouble-making complications. So repairs are almost negligible.

Ask any owner of a Fairbanks-Morse Diesel about this point. Then you'll decide to put this fuel- and patience-saver in your boat.

F-M Diesels are now made in sizes from 20 to 720 hp.—a size for every workboat requirement; one Fairbanks-Morse quality.

**FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., Chicago**

New York:	Boston:	Baltimore:
122 Greenwich Street	245 State Street	115 East Lombard Street
New Orleans: 1000 St. Charles Street	Jacksonville: 630 West Bay Street	
General Offices: CHICAGO		
Branches with service stations in principal ports		

AOA27.105

# FAIRBANKS-MORSE DIESEL ENGINES

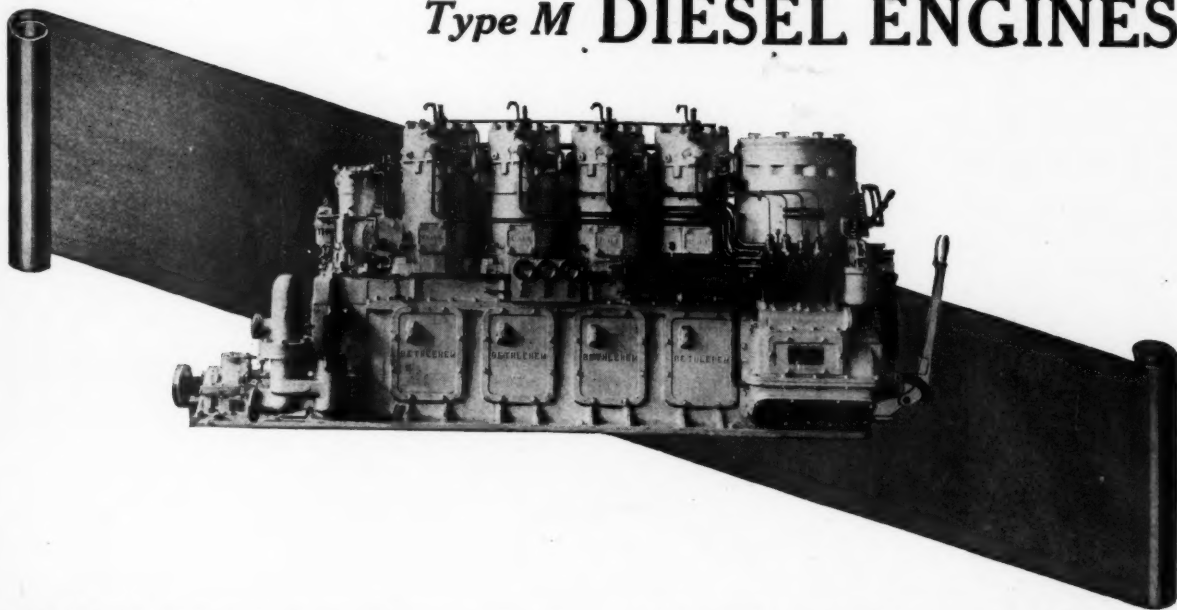
The Product



of Experience

# BETHLEHEM

## Type M DIESEL ENGINES



**B**ETHLEHEM Type M Diesel Engines are particularly suited for use as the main propelling unit of small craft such as fishing smacks, yachts, tugs, tenders, and work boats. Their light weight and compactness permit of accommodation in a small engine room.

The simplicity of construction and ease of control of the Bethlehem engine eliminate the necessity of specially trained operators. The lack of moving parts keeps the maintenance and replacement costs at a minimum.

The Bethlehem Type M Diesel Engine is a two cycle full Diesel type of engine, built in units of 3,

4 and 6 cylinders up to 570 B. hp. Fuel injection is by the airless (Leissner) method and a built-in scavenging pump supplies air in ample quantities for complete combustion and thorough scavenging. A full forced feed system of lubrication is employed.

From the mining of the ore to the last finishing operation, every step in the manufacture of the Bethlehem Diesel engine is under the control of one organization, which is an important consideration as it insures the same care and thoroughness in every detail. The purchaser of a Bethlehem Engine therefore, secures not only Diesel economy but also all the advantages of Bethlehem Quality.

### Features of Bethlehem Diesel Engines

Light Weight	High Cylinder Compression
Minimum Floor Space	insuring quick starting
Economical Upkeep	Simple Control System
Diesel Type	Force Feed Lubrication
Two-Stroke Cycle	Steady Power
Built in Scavenging Pump	Economy of Operation

Booklet describing the Bethlehem Type M Diesel Engine in detail will be sent on request.

**BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY, General Offices: BETHLEHEM, PA.**

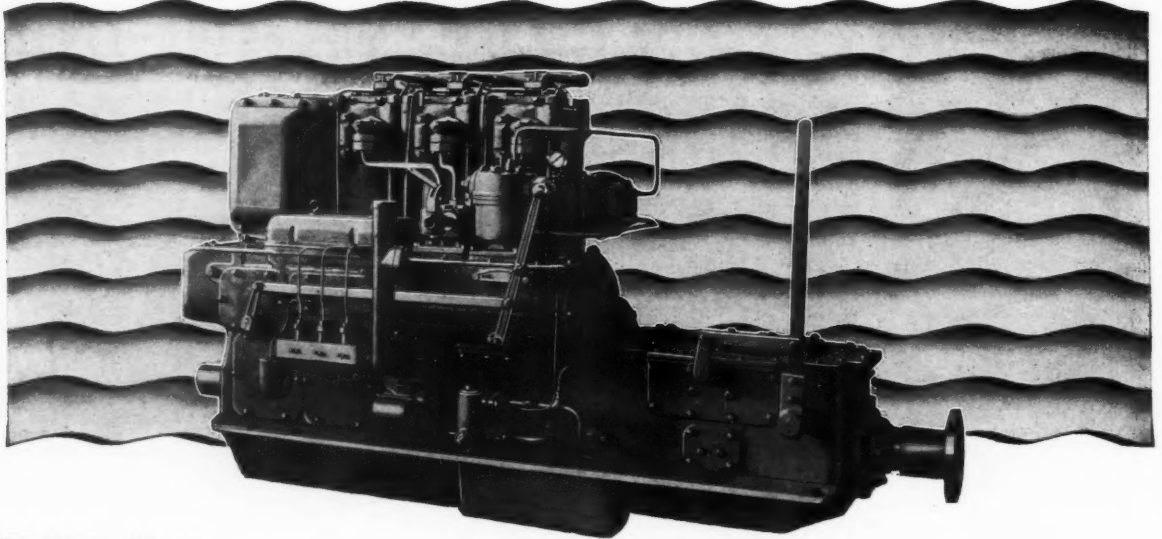
#### DISTRICT OFFICES:

New York    Boston    Philadelphia    Baltimore    Washington    Atlanta    Pittsburgh    Buffalo  
 Cleveland    Detroit    Cincinnati    Chicago    St. Louis    San Francisco    Los Angeles    Seattle    Portland  
 Bethlehem Steel Export Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City, Sole Exporter of Our Commercial Products

# BETHLEHEM

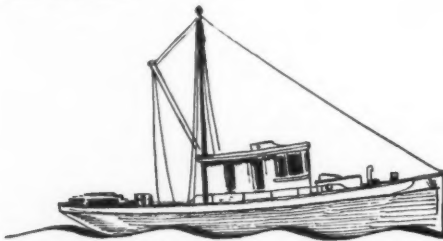


# WORTHINGTON



Worthington Three Cylinder Marine Diesel Engine. Two-cycle, solid injection trunk-piston type, gear reversing.

## A TRUNK-PISTON TYPE DIESEL WITH FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION



### WORTHINGTON PRODUCTS

**PUMP  
COMPRESSOR  
CONDENSERS  
and  
AUXILIARIES  
OIL and GAS ENGINES  
FEEDWATER HEATERS  
METERS  
BOILER-FEED, WATER, OIL**

*Literature on request*

The Worthington Two-cycle Solid Injection Trunk-piston Diesel Engine is an improved and simplified high compression engine in which the fuel burns solely from the heat of compression.

The scavenging air is supplied to the power cylinders by a separate scavenging pump driven from the crank shaft; thus, the scavenging air does not pass through the crankcase and the excessive waste of lubricating oil of crankcase compression engines is avoided.

The force-feed system of lubrication is used for all bearings. Cylinders and pistons are efficiently lubricated from the oil spray thrown off by the running gear of the engine.

The Worthington Trunk-piston type Diesel is designed for marine propulsion service. The reversing gear is of compact and rugged design, amply lubricated. It is built into the engine frame and included as part of standard equipment.

WORTHINGTON PUMP AND MACHINERY CORPORATION  
115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY  
BRANCH OFFICES IN 24 CITIES



## Your Power is *Sure* if it's a Bessemer

**W**HETHER you need power for a tug, tow boat, fishing vessel, tanker, yacht or as auxiliary power on larger vessels, a Bessemer Diesel will assure you of the utmost in marine power plant serviceability.

If it is for marine service, a Bessemer Diesel will give you unfailing power during a lifetime of heavy duty service. It will deliver *all* of its rated horsepower continuously without faltering. It will operate smoothly and quietly either at full speed, full load or idling at 40 r.p.m. It will give you low cost power because of its low fuel consumption and low maintenance cost.

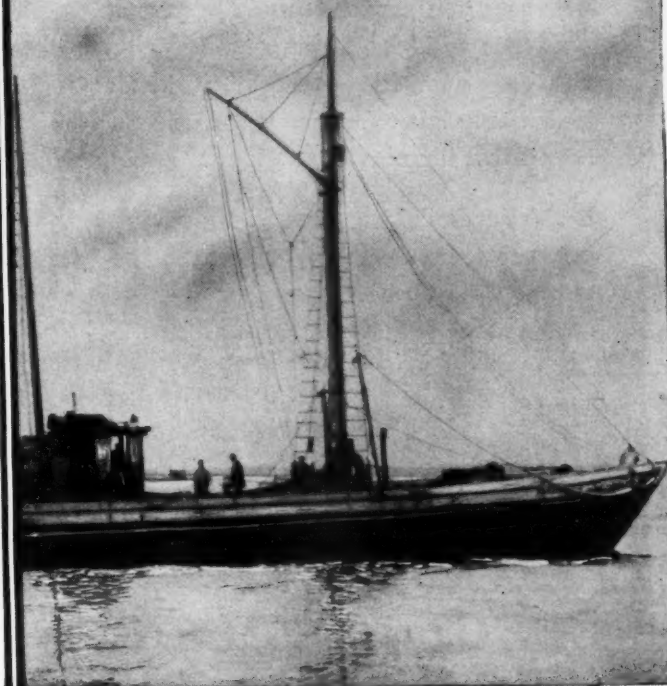
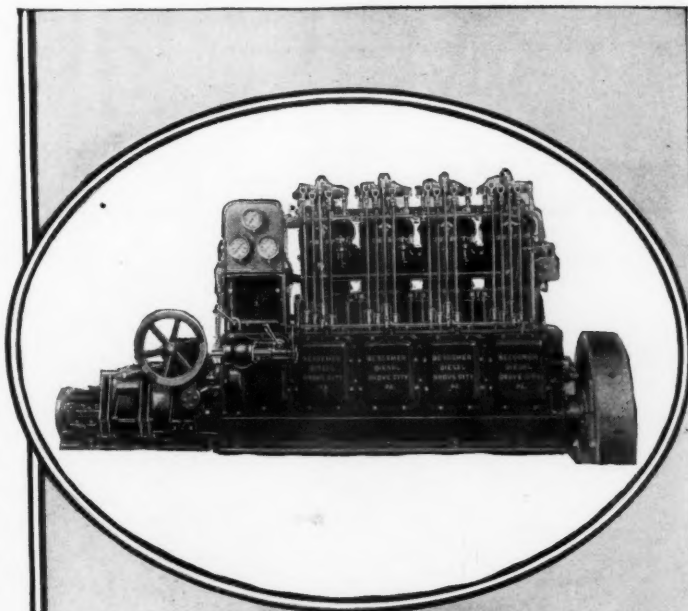
On John A. Dahlmer's fishing schooner "Orion," a 150 H.P. Bessemer Diesel has demonstrated these performance facts in the same convincing manner they are being demonstrated in scores of other marine installations on all sizes of ships in all types of service.

Write for complete details on Bessemer construction and performance.

THE BESSEMER GAS  
ENGINE COMPANY

36 Lincoln Ave. :: Grove City, Pa.

**BESSEMER**  
DIESEL ENGINES



# Make quicker, more profitable trips



## Equip your boat with Delco-Light

**R**EPLACE dangerous, dim, uncertain kerosene lamps, flare torches and candles with a dependable and economical Delco-Light electric plant. Be able to carry on your work at night with speed and safety.

Have brilliant, steady electric light wherever you need it—in every part of your boat. Delco-Light supplies it in abundant quantities—and at a cost that is probably less than you now spend for open-flame illumination.

Besides furnishing the time-saving convenience of electric light, Delco-Light also generates ample current to operate small machinery, bilge pump or air com-

pressor—independent of your main power plant.

But when you buy, be sure your electric plant is a Delco-Light. It is endorsed by more users than of all other electric plants combined. It is guaranteed by General Motors. Absolute dependability is assured under all conditions and at all times.

See the Delco-Light dealer at the most convenient port. Or write direct to us for complete information. Mail the coupon today.

### DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY

*Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*

Dept. M-58, DAYTON, OHIO

*Dependable*  
**DELCO-LIGHT**  
**ELECTRIC PLANTS**

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY,  
Dept. M-58, Dayton, Ohio.

Without cost or obligation, send me information  
about Delco-Light for fishing boats.

Name .....

Address .....

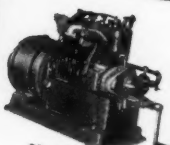
# Universal

**Electric Plants  
A Complete Line**

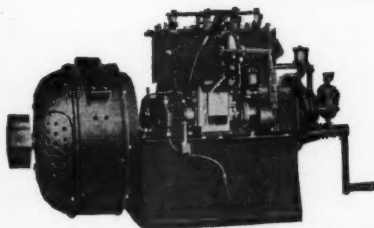


Two 2½ K. W. Universal Electric  
Plants Used on Lightship,  
Portland Harbor, Me.

Four Cylinder  
Easy to Run.



Universal 1½  
K. W. Marine  
Electric Plant.



Universal 4 K. W.  
Marine Electric Plant

An 8 K. W. installation, consisting of two Universal 4 K. W. Plants each like the above, and arranged to operate in parallel, supplied electric power for the radio equipment on the ship "Peary" of MacMillan's Arctic Expedition. Ran as high as 20 hours per day and never once failed.

## An Exact Size to Fit Your Boat

**I**N whatever size your boat requires you can get a Universal Marine Plant that drives from a 4-cylinder, 4-cycle, water-cooled motor very similar in design to the world-famous dependable Universal Flexifour Marine Motor.

This is *genuine* Marine equipment, not something else "adapted". MacMillan used it in exploring in the Arctic. U. S. Government uses it. Right in Portland Harbor, Maine, there are two 2½ K.W. Universal Plants on the lightship.

Engines are all oversize and never required to work to full capacity, which means continuous service and long life. The plants are simple, compact and economical. All sizes are usable either with or without batteries. You can use your favorite make of battery.

The light is clear and flickerless—all the light you want like city power plant current—and power to run the appliances on your boat.

Write for full information showing all sizes 1½, 2½, 4, 7½ and 12½ Kilowatts, in 32, 110 and 220 volts.

This is a *complete line*—all *Marine type*.

## Universal Motor Company

Also makers of world famous Universal Flexifour and Superfour Marine Motors 10 to 50 H. P.

78 Ceape St.

Oshkosh, Wis.



Universal 2½  
K. W. Marine  
Electric Plant.



Universal 7½  
K. W. Marine  
Electric Plant.



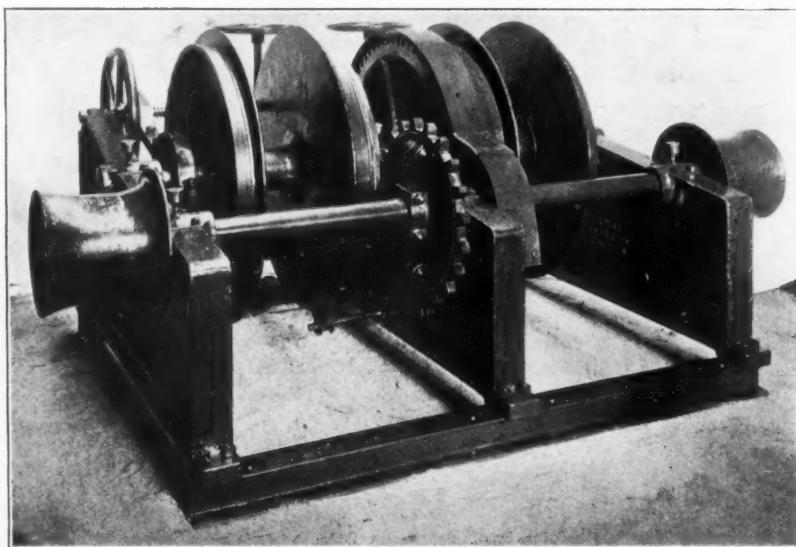
Universal 12½  
K. W. Marine  
Electric Plant.



# HATHAWAY

## Trawl-Hauling Machinery

*The only complete line*



Cut shows No. 237 size. Chain driven through back gears; frame 70" by 61"; capacity 300 fathoms  $\frac{5}{8}$ " cable on each drum; alloy steel shafts, heat treated, running in babbitted bearings, cast integral and part of the *three* frames, giving no chance for misalignment or breaking; steel gears and steel drums.

No. 137 is a smaller size direct chain driven hoist with capacity of 150 fathoms  $\frac{5}{8}$ " cable each drum.

No. 3 is larger size all steel hoist similar to No. 237 but with capacity of 300 fathoms  $\frac{3}{4}$ " cable on each drum.

All hoists made with three frames mounted on rigid base. Bearings are cast in, like the bearings of an engine crankshaft instead of being bolted on.

*Manufacturers and distributors of everything from the engine and propeller right through to the trawl doors.*

## HATHAWAY MACHINERY CO.

New Bedford, Mass.



Another reason why over  
60,000 Dealers carry  
Hood Rubber Products,



## Here's the Long and the Short of it ~

You want a pair of boots that have got real wear built in them—tougher than the toughest weather on this coast!

Then it's Hood Red Boots for you, skipper, and no other kind.

Cast your weather eye over a pair. Extra thick soles of tire tread rubber—that's why you get those extra months of usage. And the uppers are just as strong and sturdy—red rubber that will resist checking and cracking as only Hood red rubber can!

We've made boots a long, long time and know the needs of fishermen.

So, make sure when you purchase your next pair of boots to look for the trademark HOOD. It's on the sole.

Manufactured by Hood Rubber Company,  
Watertown, Mass.

Distributed by Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc.  
Watertown, Mass.

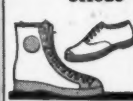
Look for the Hood Arrow



RUBBER  
FOOTWEAR



CANVAS  
SHOES



SOLID TIRES



RUBBER  
SPECIALTIES



PNEUMATIC  
TIRES



QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

## Compare Nebco Braided Manila with ordinary pot warp *after eight months' use*



Actual photograph of Nebco Braided Manila PotWarp after eight months' use; still as good as new.

These photos show how Nebco Braided line resists wear by never unstranding.

After eight months' continual use the

### NEBCO ROPE

is practically as good as new, while the ordinary laid rope is swollen, frayed and worn.



Photo of ordinary three-strand rope after equal service. Although this rope was as good as any made, the continual kinking and chafing has necessitated discarding it.

Will Not Kink



Cannot Unstrand

## NEW BEDFORD CORDAGE CO.

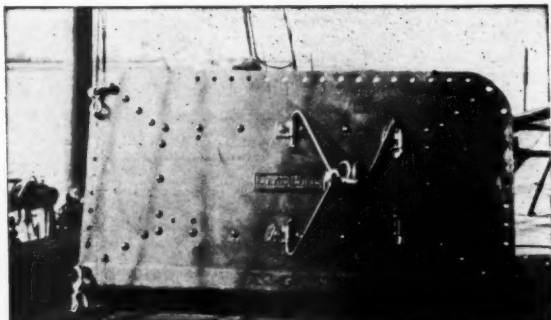
General offices  
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Established 1842  
MILLS—New Bedford, Mass.

Boston office  
164 FEDERAL ST.



# Steel?



# or Wood?

THE question whether a trawl door built of steel can satisfactorily replace a wooden door is now answered by over two years service on an ever increasing number of trawlers and draggers. Working under good and bad conditions, dragging on muddy bottoms and sandy bottoms, setting in strong tides, towing otter trawls or V-D trawls, our steel doors have come through with uniform success.

Stronger than wood and manufactured by the dozens instead of in pairs, they cost no more and sell for no more. They positively out-last wood. The shoes will wear two seasons without renewal and when replaced the door is as good as new. Fitted with brackets they always set at the same angle. Made reversible, the forward and after door can be interchanged to equalize wear, and the loss of one door does not break up a pair.

The following is a list of some of the vessels using our doors:—

“Advance”  
“America”  
“Bettina”  
“Doris Hawes”  
“Helen M.”  
“Irene & Mabel”  
“Kathleen”  
“Mary A.”  
“Ruth Mildred”

*These doors are manufactured under patents issued and pending.*

## New England Structural Products Co.

*Inquiries may be addressed to the Company at Everett, or  
John Chisholm Fisheries Co., Gloucester, Mass.*

Tel. Everett 1850

EVERETT and GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Tel. Gloucester 59





*The famous*  
**GOLD MEDAL**

*Mackerel Nets and Seines  
have proved their superiority*

Write for prices and estimates on all your requirements

**The LINEN THREAD CO.**

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	55 Fulton St.	
SAN FRANCISCO	BALTIMORE	CHICAGO
443 Mission St.	Johnson & Barney Sts.	154 W. Austin Ave.

*Complete stocks of  
Oil Clothing and Manila Rope  
on hand for immediate delivery*

**NETS---TWINES---FITTINGS**

*for All the Fisheries*

Gold Medal Cotton Netting	Gold Medal Seine Twine
Burnham Tarred Cod Lines	A. N. & T. Coy Linen Gill Netting
Sea Island Cotton Gill Netting	Hemp Flounder Trawl Netting



**Lane Fish and Bait Basket**

Grommets in bottom for drainage. Galvanized steel frame of the Lane Flexible design which prevents bending or breaking. Heavy Lane woven duck. Tough leather binding.

Bait size 1 Bushel.  
Fish size 2 Bushel.

**LANE**  
**CANVAS BASKETS**  
*and*  
**TRAWL TUBS**

**Are worthy of your  
Consideration and Confidence**

Write for catalog No. 96  
Specify "LANE" of your dealer



FIG. 71

**Lane Canvas Trawl Tub**

Made in standard dimensions.

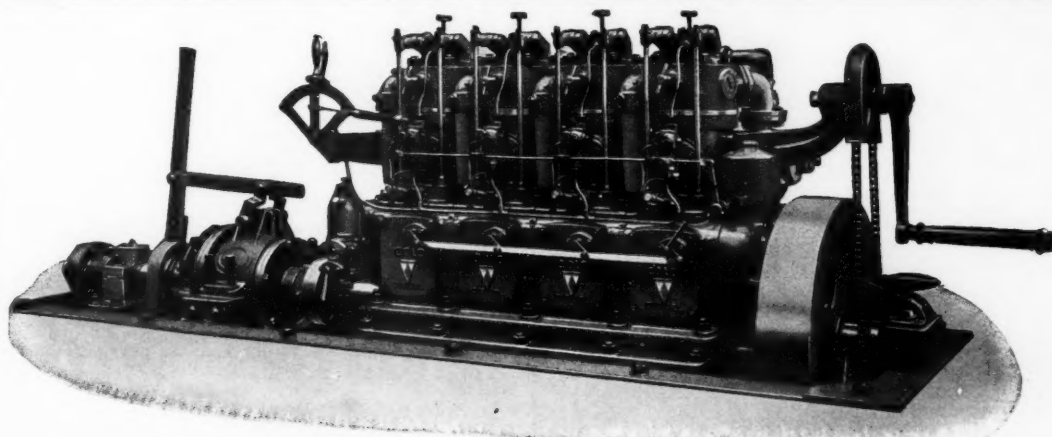
Galvanized Steel Frame specially designed for the job. Steady on its feet and strong. Its first cost soon forgotten in the light of its long life.

**W. T. LANE & BROS.**

*Manufacturers*

Poughkeepsie

New York



## COLO-DIESEL ENGINES

**Full Diesel Type, Four Cycle, Airless Injection, Handstarting,  
From 8 H.P. Up in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 Cylinders**

Same weight and price as heavy duty gas engines, but one-fifth of operating expense of same. Runs indefinitely at trolling speed on 24° Diesel oil. Reverse gear or European reversible propeller of established reputation.

**SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIAL**

Graybar Bldg.  
New York, N. Y.

**COLO-DIESEL**

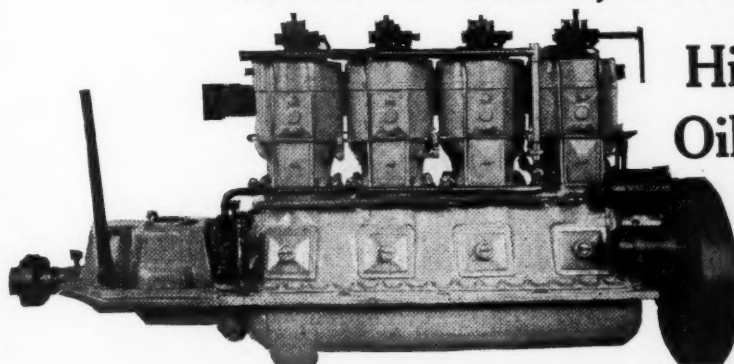
373 Brannan Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

F. Van Rossen Hoogendyk, *Sole Distributor for U. S. A.*

## Minot & Olsen, Inc.

*Distributors of*

## Hill-Diesel Oil Engines



One cyl. .... 6-8 H. P.  
Two cyla. ...12-14 H. P.  
Three-cyla. 18-22 H. P.  
Four cyla. 25-30 H. P.  
Four cyla. .... 50 H. P.  
Six cyla. .... 75 H. P.

**Four Cylinder—25-30 H. P. Model**

Hundreds of Hill-Diesel engines have been sold in this country during the past four years. Several hundreds more have been sold during the same time to other countries throughout the world. They are being used in almost every service for which engines are used. Hill-Diesel engines are getting this business in competition with others because they are different and better. We have engines and parts in Boston ready for immediate shipment.

*Write us about your requirements*

**Live agents wanted in territory not already covered**

**88 BROAD STREET**

*Office and Showroom:*

**BOSTON, MASS.**





## Pep . . . Power and Punch!

BATTERY ignition on your engine! Man, what power it gives! Fat, hot sparks early in the morning when the engine is cold, sparks that start it with a roar at the first spin! Intense, fiery sparks that keep the engine firing without a miss whether it's idling at low speeds or straining through heavy seas!

Battery ignition is sure-fire ignition—it's there when you need it!

The favorite battery of experienced pilots is the Eveready Columbia Hot Shot. These famous, energy-filled batteries come in three sizes, 6, 7½ and 9 volts, to fit any need. They are ready-connected in a steel-sheathed, portable case that is absolutely water-proof and storm-proof. They can't be short circuited, no matter how wet they get. They are dependable, and safe, and long lasting. Fair weather and foul, these mighty batteries are the best you can use.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.  
New York San Francisco  
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

# EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

—they last longer

**WHITLOCK WATERFLEX CORDAGE WAS USED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RUNNING RIGGING ON THE SCHOONERS "HENRY FORD" AND "COLUMBIA" IN THE ELIMINATION RACES OFF GLOUCESTER, OCTOBER, 1926.**

### Read What the Captains Say—

"In view of the satisfaction we feel about the Whitlock Waterflex Manila we used on our schooners Henry Ford and Columbia, we want to say that it met every test we put it to in those strenuous days of racing.

"We have used your Manila perviously on the above schooners and have always found it very satisfactory, but we feel the Waterflex treatment is a great improvement, especially in the working of the rope.

(Signed) CLAYTON MORRISSEY,  
Captain of the "Henry Ford."

(Signed) BEN PINE,  
Captain of the "Columbia."

## WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York  
226 State Street, Boston, Mass.

## To Tighten Garboards



Dip cotton wicking in Jeffery's No. 7 or Liquid Marine Glue and drive well into the seam as shown in the sketch above. Keep wicking which has been dipped in the glue, in soft condition while forcing into the seam. A little heat will accomplish this. This keeps it in just the right state so that it cements itself tightly to both sides.

DO IT RIGHT and it will not have to be done again because the glue will not let go, and being elastic, it will give and take with the seam.

Copyright 1927 by L. W. Ferdinand & Co.,  
156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass.

The purpose of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is to be a factor in the industrial growth of the commercial fisheries. To this end, the magazine is dedicated to the prime factors, in effect the creators, of the industry—fish producers, men who either fish themselves or who are instrumental in production through immediate interest in floating property.

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN serves its readers by discussing fishery topics; by presenting new methods, gear and designs by being sufficiently interesting to afford relaxation from the strain undergone by those who follow the sea.

While we realize that successful re-handling and re-selling are vital to producers, experience shows that the division between distribution and production is so distinct in the fishing industry that it is impossible to serve both faithfully. Therefore, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is published exclusively for producers—captains, owners and crews of fishing craft.

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

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Main Office 62 Long Wharf  
Boston, Mass.

LEW A. CUMMINGS ..... President

FRANK H. WOOD ..... Manager

10 cents a copy

\$1.00 a year

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

## The Dory, Broncho of the Sea

By Alfred Elden

*You can cruise 'long shore  
For a month or more,  
Poking in everywhere;  
And in each snug nook  
Where you drop your hook,  
You'll find a dory there.*

AN aged Gloucesterman set his still-strong, though yellowed teeth into a black plug of navy twist, ripped off a cheekful and masticated it vigorously. This little detail attended to he pointed reflectively at a nest of dories on the deck of Captain Clayt Morrissey's trim bank schooner *Henry Ford*.

"Dories, lad—nothing like 'em," he volunteered. "Greatest leetle ships that float. See them trim uns there of Cap'n Clayt's? I was a-goin' to say they'd stand as much grief as the vessel itself, though mebbe that's layin' it on a bit strong. But seaworthy! Say, a dory 'll drown half them yachts of mahog'ny an' brass ye see 'round here in summer time.

Ride most anythin' in th' shape of a buckin' wave. Guess that's why th' fishermen call 'em th' bronchos of th' sea. Good name, too. Let me tell ye, lad, if 'twant for dories a lot of boys that's happy an' healthy today would 'a fed th' fishes of Grand Bank long ago."

The veteran seafarer rubbed a grimy hand across his unshaven and now unbristled chin.

"They've cheated old Davy Jones more 'n once from stowin' another brave un away in his locker. Say, I'm thinkin' that without dories th' deep water fishin' game wouldn't last no longer 'n a nice fat herrin' bein' chased by a hungry hoss mack'ril."

He nodded reflectively at the gray-white expanse of tumbling Atlantic beyond Eastern Point.

"Yes, sir, give me a dory every time. They'll bring a feller back safe to his vessel you give 'em half a chance, altho' of course they can't work no miracles!"

No gainsaying the claim that the dory is a wonderful craft. It is a Yankee contrivance pure and simple. Just who built the first one isn't clear but it grew out of a gen-

eral demand. The dory model is a legacy from early fishing days and it was evolved primarily to meet three requisites—simplicity, cheapness and seaworthiness.

These frail looking craft dance like fairies over the tide-troubled, wind-harried waters of the fishing banks. Oc-

asionally one may be tripped by a giant grayback, but in the skilled hands of a New England or Nova Scotia trawler, they are next to non-capsizable.

Shore fishermen do not hesitate to land with them on favorably flat shores even through dangerously high surf, and seldom do they receive more than possibly an inconsequential wetting. Upon no less than half a dozen authenticated occasions daring navigators have safely sailed ordinary bank dories across the Atlantic after decking them over.

*Friskily kickin' the dories dance,  
churnin' the foam in lee,  
With a duck an' a dive an' a  
skip an' skive—the  
bronchos of the sea.*

Fishermen early adopted the dory as indispensable because of its light weight and draught, wonderful stability, large carrying capacity, and great surplus buoyancy which made it the perfect medium in handling nets, trawls and large loads of fish.

What a dory will "carry" and what it will "lift" are different matters. One of the boys on the *Henry Ford* seemed to express the ideas of most fishermen when he stated that a 15-foot bank dory would carry 4,000 pounds.

"Four thousand's the figure I've always heard stated as about the limit," he commented. "Down on the Maine coast only last summer I see a lobsterman load a ton an' a half of groceries into a dory an' row it from Orrs Island across Wills Gut to Bailey Island, darn near half a mile,



"Out There"

An' the feller himself, sittin' on top of a pile of bagged sugar an' handlin' the oars, weighed nigh on to a couple hundred more!"

But, as the old Gloucesterman intimated "they can't work miracles!" A large number of drowning accidents among sea-faring men are brought about through the familiarity that breeds contempt, or, at least, through a reckless disregard of the limitations of even such a burden-bearer as this sturdy broncho of the sea.

Fishermen recognize the fact that the more fish they catch the more money they will make, so when the cod and haddock are striking good the temptation is strong to load the dory to its absolute capacity—and beyond!

Generally they get back to their vessel or to the shore all right. Occasionally they don't! Once a man has been capsized in deep water from overloading his dory, he is likely to remember the lesson.

A bank fisherman who had seen many a turbulent winter trip offshore, told of his respect for the dory.

"I have been out in a dory, night fishing in the month of December off the Lurcher," he says, "when we had to pitch out over eight hundred fish by count. Our dory was so deep and so logy that it was within an ace of swamping—the water spilling in over the 'gunnel's' amidships.

"It was a bitter cold night and black dark, but luckily there was no sea. We got alongside the schooner all right, but I thought at the time that it was foolhardy and not worth the risk.

"On other occasions I have seen halibuters up-end their oars for lightening, only when the dory could hold no more fish; dories coming alongside with fish 'towing over the stern, and other times I have seen the dorymates desperately engaged pitching out fish in order to avoid sinking.

"A dory is a mighty able craft. It will carry a heavy load and ride out a wicked sea, but overweighted with fish, it is absolutely dangerous. There is no lift to it; it is hard to handle, and should a sea slop into it the whole craft is likely to founder. Why should a man throw away his life for a few pounds of fish?"

Why, indeed! These are things for the reckless fishermen to consider. But will they?

The lifting qualities of an empty dory are as well known among the sea and shore folk as their capacity for carrying heavy loads and their seaworthiness.

"Lift?" retorted a Cape Ann boat builder in response to a query. "Say, I had a yacht moorin' of granite that weighed half a ton. It had been restin' on a clay bottom in three fathom for five years, winter an' summer, an' I begun to get nervous about the chain an' shackle. Salt water eats iron mighty fast, an' while this was good, solid gear, 'twant galvanized, so I thought I better take a look-see at it.

"My idea was to lift the moorin' on a risin' tide, drag it ashore an' tinker it up durin' the time the ebb left it out of water. Jim Sutherland hitched on to the chain with a big thirty-foot power sloop, but all he could do was run circles 'round that moorin' with his bo't's nose nigh under. Looked like I'd have to hire a steam scow to raise that granite pebble, but thought I'd experiment a little first.

"So I rustled up a pair of fifteen-foot dories, lashed a couple planks acrost 'em an' hitched on to the chain of that orery moorin'. Took it up short at slack water an' then as the tide riz just hung around to see it drag them dories under.

"Did it? Damn near; but when they'd sunk to next the last strake of plankin'—whish! Up she come a kitin' an' we walked the outfit inshore proper. Say, if they could get a flock of bank dories hitched on right, I believe they'd lift the lost *Titanic*!"

Dories were originally used for fishing in the harbors, bays, and fairly close to shore. When the bank fishing vessels, however, changed their method of hand-line fish-

ing from their decks, to trawling and hand-lining from small boats, that with two men each, scattered away from the mother craft—then the dory came into its own.

For many years a half dozen ports seemed to have the monopoly of dory building. A majority of them came from the builders at Amesbury, Gloucester, Beverly, Salisbury, Essex and Newburyport, in Massachusetts, while two or three New Hampshire and Maine ports also added a few to the total production.

As long ago as the 70's six shops in Salisbury each turned out from two hundred to six hundred and fifty dories annually. To this day Massachusetts dories have retained their reputation of being the best obtainable. For the past few years practically all the dories used in New England waters have come from Amesbury and Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

The Amesbury builders supply almost all of the fishermen. Dories are also built on the Pacific Coast and in Nova Scotia, but elsewhere, to hardly any extent.

"While dories are used chiefly for fishing," say the Amesbury manufacturers, "it is rather interesting to note

that even Uncle Sam has come to recognize their worth. Nearly all the Coast Guard Life Saving Stations have their quota of the handy little craft, and you will also find a dory or two wherever there is a light-house reservation.

"Of course they are employed in almost every branch of the fisheries. They are tiered on the decks of the fishing schooners out of Portland, Gloucester, Boston, New York, and the Gulf Coast. They are also sent to Seattle, Wash., Prince Rupert, B. C., and to Alaska where they are used quite extensively in the cod and halibut fisheries.

"On one of his trips home from the Arctic regions, Donald B. MacMillan, the explorer, was off the coast of Labrador when he saw what he afterward referred to in a lecture as 'the first sign of civilization!'

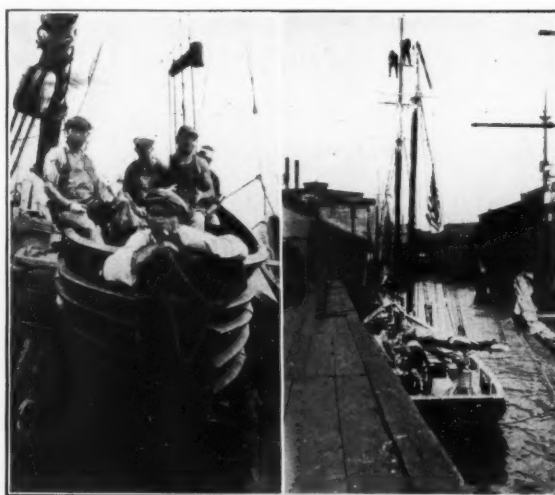
"It was a good old New England dory, and when he came to inspect it at close quarters he found it bore the Amesbury builders' stamp on its stern board. A few years ago we sold the Danish Government a lot of dories. Evidently its fisheries department had supplied the Labrador natives with some of them.

"We are not building as many dories today as we once did. The advent of power fishing boats and modern methods of fishing have somewhat reduced the demand. Our biggest year was about 1912 when we turned out two thousand, two hundred dories. That is nearly double the number we are producing now."

The bank dories are from twelve to sixteen feet bottom measurement, and sixteen to twenty-one feet overall. Their thwarts are removable which makes it easy to "nest" them one within the other on the vessel's deck when not in use. Six to fourteen dories are carried by the average fishing schooner and it is from them that the actual fishing is done.

The thirteen-foot bottom dory is used on the snapper fishing boats of the Gulf of Mexico; as a shore boat from the beach, and for some hand-line fishing on the Gulf banks. All the vessels of the Boston and Gloucester fleet use the fifteen-foot bottom craft as the regular size best adapted to cod, haddock and halibut fishing. The sixteen-foot bottom dory is little used on the North Atlantic coast, but is the popular size on the West Coast for halibut fishing, while the fourteen-foot bottom is the favorite among the cod fishermen of Pacific waters.

The demand for new dories is fairly steady. Offshore fishing is a tempestuous, perilous occupation, particularly in winter. Not infrequently overwhelming seas sweep a vessel's deck of its dories and everything else movable. There is a continual loss from such causes and others. Then, too, the rugged little bronchos of the sea receive such hard "riding" that replacements become necessary from time to time.



*Bronchos and Their Riders.*



Fog is the doryman's worst enemy in the summer; fog, vapor and snow in winter. Although the "old men" or skippers of the bankers are remarkably adept at picking up their dories, frequently displaying almost uncanny prescience, still the wet, sight-defying mists roll in with disconcerting rapidity and in a trice blanket everything from the view of the mother craft.

A few years ago during a winter snowstorm and sudden northeast gale, fifty-six dories on the Grand Banks lost their vessels, yet all were eventually picked up by other schooners, or else were rowed in to the shore and safety by their hardy crews.

Only six or seven winters ago two fishermen in their dory got astray from their vessel on Quero. Fourteen days later they were picked up thirty miles to the northwest of St. Pierre, Miquelon! A few pieces of cake and a jug of water had sustained life, and constant rowing had prevented death from freezing.

A few weeks ago a Penobscot Bay sardine seiner in a small power boat was running for home with a full cargo of herring when a storm overtook him. He tried to make for the shelter of Petit Manan harbor ten miles distant, when a huge following wave overtook and swamped his power craft.

Fortunately, he had a dory on deck and before the smack sank under him, he launched this and clambered in. For twelve hours he rowed and bailed—rowed and fought the great seas that tried vainly to smash his cockleshell dory, the broncho of the sea. He reached Petit Manan in safety although collapsing from his terrible exertions once he staggered out on dry land.

Plenty of thrilling tales of dories gone astray one may hear from the old bankers. Stories of fishermen who have remained adrift in their tiny craft for hours—even for days, buffeted by waves, tempests and killing below-zero temperatures, yet managing to keep afloat and to survive such horrific ordeals.

Quite a number of years ago the new schooner *Henrietta Greenleaf* made her first and last trip to the Grand Banks, sailing from Gloucester. A sudden squall of irresistible dynamics, "knocked her down." Four men were drowned in their bunks without even a fighting chance for life. The others had just time to jump into two dories and shove them clear. They had no oars, no food or water, and were clad only in thin undershirts and pants.

For forty-eight hours they were flung and battered from the foaming peaks of snarling combers to the seething bottoms of the green valleys. Water broke over them repeatedly and in a frenzy of despair they bailed with their cupped bare hands.

At the outset they had lashed the dories together and thus for three long days and nights they battled exposure and the elements. One succumbed and the others must soon have perished, when the Gloucesterman *Lizzie K. Clark*, Captain Thomas Hodgdon, picked them up.

*Sowin' the bait from the trawl-heaped tubs, I pull at my old T. D.*

*An' I dream of a pearl of a Glo'ster girl, who's waitin' at home for me.*

Sometimes the loved ones on shore wait in vain, yet the gallant dories, given half a fighting chance, perform feats of seaworthiness that fall little short of the miraculous. An old-timer on the *New Dawn*, trawling out of Gloucester, told me of the schooner *Marathon*.

"Fine vessel," he averred. "I was cookin' on her at the time. Back in October, 1874, it was. We was fishin' on Georges when two dorymates named Roberts and Austin got nipped.

"A stiff easterly an' a fog that come down from Fundy, quick's a dogfish 'll eat your bait, caught 'em. Then a pourin' rain struck in. Night come an' they was proper lost.

"Fortunate for the boys there was three tub of trawl aboard the dory. They made two of those fast to the painter an' tossed 'em over the bow for a drogue. That kept the bo't's head to the seas an' stopped 'em driftin' a lot.

"But mornin' was just a thick-o'-fog, an' though they rowed west-ard as near as they could guess by the way the waves was runnin', an' shout-ed themselves hoarse, night come on again an' still found 'em in the same plight.

"They took watch an' watch, an' yelled, an' looked for a vessel of some sort, but

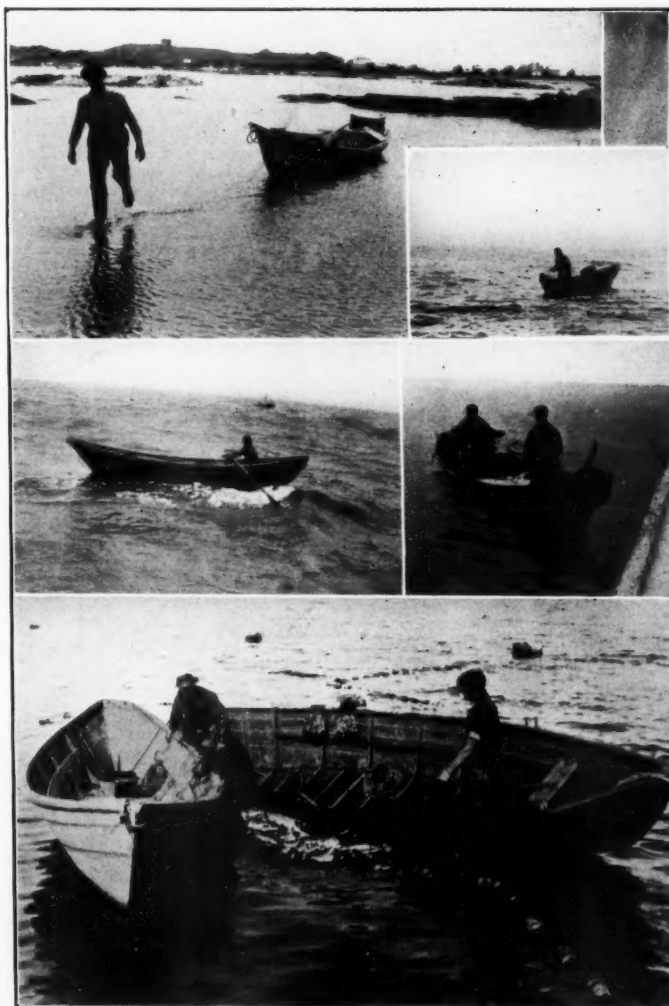
nothin' passed. It rained again an' they managed to ketch a trawl tub half full of fresh water. They filled up on this an' it seemed to ease the hunger that was a gnawin' at their stomachs.

"On the third day they rowed to the nor-west hopin' to get into the track of some steamer. Fog never let up an' while they could hear whistles an' horns, they couldn't make nothin' hear them.

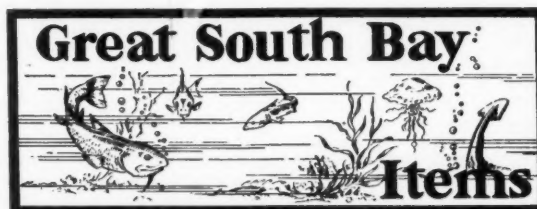
"Austin caught a wicked cold an' shook so all over he couldn't get no sleep. A shark come alongside an' they tried to snarl him up in a trawl, but the critter was too foxy. They'd reached the stage where raw shark meat would a been better 'n starvin'.

"When the sun went down on the fourth day they was pretty nigh all in. Roberts could sleep some, but Austin couldn't do nothin' but shiver—shiver an'—pray!

(Continued on Page 24)



*Dories are Equally Good for Sea or Shore Fisheries.*



**I**T is with regret that we report the death at sea of Howard Nickerson, a fisherman of Argyle Sound. Mr. Nickerson, who was 65 years of age, died of heart failure while on a trip with the American schooner *Arthur James*, Captain William Chetwaynd. He is survived by a widow and 13 children.

Nova Scotia fishermen are waking up to the value of swordfishing. There is a great demand for this fish on the American market and for the last several years the fishermen at Louisburg and the south coast of Cape Breton have found it a lucrative occupation. This year the schooner *A. Hubley*, Captain Ainslie Hubley, of Hackett's Cove will be fitted out for swordfishing. The vessel is at Lunenburg where new engines are being installed.

During the week of July 10th the schooners *Roseway*, Captain Existe d'Entremont, and the *Cupola*, Captain Andrew Deon, arrived at Yarmouth with large fares. The former brought back 20,000 pounds of fresh fish and the latter 40,000 pounds from the fishing grounds. The catches were sold in Yarmouth.

The schooner *Millie Louise*, Captain Samuel Cox, was the first vessel of the season to arrive in from the Canadian Labrador. The *Millie Louise* arrived at Halifax early in July with 200 quintals of dried fish. Captain Cox reported on arriving that the schooner *H. H. McIntosh*, Captain Edgar McCarthy was ready to leave Herring on Harbor, Labrador, for Halifax when he sailed.

Fares of mixed fresh fish were landed at Liverpool early last month by the schooners *Courtney*, Captain A. A. Payzant, and the *Archie F. MacKenzie*, Captain Ralph MacKenzie. The former brought in 5,000 pounds of halibut, and 15,000 pounds of steak cod. The *Archie F. MacKenzie's* fare consisted of 11,000 pounds of halibut, 5,000 pounds of steak cod, and 6,000 pounds of salt cod. These fares were purchased by Nickerson Brothers, the halibut being shipped to United States markets, while the fresh cod were salted.

Reported drowned two Nova Scotia fishermen, Charles Williams and George Robert May, members on the schooner *Abouara* and carried to England, from where they were returned to Canada. News of their safety was received by the members of their families with rejoicing.

One of the largest tuna catches reported for some time was made at Fox Point early in July by F. Coolen and his brothers. In one day the Coolen brothers trapped and shipped to American markets 36 of these large sea monsters and the following day got 17 more. This is a record which will take some beating. The Coolen brothers were also fortunate enough to take 15,000 pounds of mackerel in their traps on July 6. The mackerel were sold to the Hubbards and Boston Fish Company.

Dr. A. H. Leim, of Toronto, assistant director of the Atlantic Biological stations, will be in charge of the Atlantic Fisheries Experimental station at Halifax during the summer months. Dr. Leim is acting in place of Dr. A. G. Huntsman, the director, who is carrying on marine research work at the St. Andrew's, N. B., station. Dr. Leim recently carried on an investigation into the life and habits of the shad, and he is at present engaged in investigating the reproducing habits of the smelt in an endeavor to arrive at some solution for the tremendous wastage and loss of smelt eggs.

Captain Zephaniah Nickerson, of Port Clyde, recently received word from Ottawa of his appointment as Receiver of Wrecks for the western district of Shelburne county, N. S.

To give the Nova Scotia fishermen a chance to stock a larger quantity of gaspereaux than usual, the season for catching these fish was extended from June 15 to June 25 by an Order-in-Council. Many river fishermen took advantage of the extension.

By Lloyd Chester Harris

**D**EFINITE proof that oysters can be propagated in an artificial manner when all natural resources fail to aid in the process has been given by Dr. William Firth Wells of the Federal government who has been carrying out extensive experiments all season at the Bluepoints Company and who has reached the point in his experiments where he feels reasonably sure of the value of these tests.

In general the sets in the bay this season have failed to produce in any noticeable manner, although there is hope that there may be some results from the oysters that have spawned in the east bay, but only time will tell the story.

Water samples have been taken from time to time during the season in various parts of the bay and one after another of these samples has shown an insufficient number of larvae to indicate a set, in the true sense of the word. Dr. Wells points out that bay samples accurately forecast, three weeks in advance, the true prospects of a set in the bay this year.

And so while the bay has been a nonentity insofar as producing sets has been concerned a set has been striking in the hatchery jars and again science has proved its power to produce a set when nature apparently has failed miserably. Neither the weakness of the eggs or the conditions of the water are blamed for the failure of sets in the bay.

Dr. Wells is this summer producing sets on a larger scale than ever before and with a more positive manner of controlling them he has succeeded in handling the oysters from the time they attach and in some cases of securing them before attachment.

Another accomplishment this year is the means by which a new method of handling the minute oysters has been developed by detaching them when they are in a minute stage of existence or securing them without attachment. In this way it is possible, by carefully worked out ideas, to give the little dots of life all the care that is needed and infant mortality, even among the oysters, has been reduced to a minimum and a much stronger and healthier race results from this careful handling.

Scallop fishing off Fire Island has practically been abandoned these past few weeks due to the fact their boats failed to make any catches that amounted to anything. Now and then one of the fleet goes out and experiments to see just what is doing but the scallops out that way are like human beings in many respects and are just taking life easy during the hot weather or else have gone to a different climate for a little vacation, if it may be called that.

Faced with this circumstance the scallopers are now centering their activities at considerable distance from the Great South Bay. One week the fleet worked around Block Island but found fog conditions so bad that the trip was an unsatisfactory one and storms in that quarter forced two of the boats into Newport for a time. Then to cap the climax of their ill fortune that week Lewis Van Wyen of the West Sayville fleet suffered a painful injury to his leg and foot when the boom of a loaded scallop net broke, just as the net was nearly aboard and twisted itself about his leg and foot so that he is doing his walking with the assistance of crutches these days.

After putting back to their home port the scallop fishermen have again gone out and are now working off Gay Head, Massachusetts, where the scallops are more plentiful and where the fleet is reported to be doing very well. Fluke fishing has shown a change for the better in the past few weeks and the fishermen are now working off Shinnecock in the bays to the west of the Great South Bay where there is a fairly good run of fish. But the pound fishermen have had a run of poor luck as this line of fishing has almost entirely fallen off except for spasmodic intervals.

## The Great Atlantic Seal-Fishery

By George Allan  
England



Busy as bees around a fair-sized "pan of fat" on the ice.

EVERY spring a stupendous drama of peril and daring takes place in the North Atlantic—a drama unsurpassed in hardships, thrills and dangers. This drama is the annual "sealing-racket" of the Newfoundlanders, amid ice-packs and floes, in blizzards and savage gales, surrounded by hazards without number. Not only is this the world's greatest hunt, but it is also the most exciting gamble with death, the most heroic conflict between Man and Nature that imagination can conceive. Its story is well worth telling.



A very unusual photograph, and hard to get. It shows a complete hood-seal family—dog, bitch and pup. Note huge size of this specie, also wonderful lighting effects on the Arctic ice.

I have seen some wonderful marksmanship among the riflemen. Their problem is highly complex. Though they carefully stalk their game, creeping behind pressure ridges and "pinacles", they are often unable to come within close range. In the ice, a swell is usually running, so that perhaps the floes are rising and falling twenty to forty feet in long undulations. Thus the seal and the hunter are continually changing their relative positions. Added to this, the Arctic light—sometimes foggy, often dazzling with intense and blinding sunshine—is very deceptive.

Far beyond any possibility of comprehension by mere human intellects, are the wonderful instincts of the seal. These instincts guide them all their lives, with unerring accuracy. Through instinct the seal knows where to bore the ice, to make its "bobbing-hole", and will never waste time or effort on ice too thick to be penetrated. Instinct teaches the seal how to keep the bobbing-hole from freezing over. It also, in some mysterious manner, informs the seal as to the width of a field of ice that must either be swum under or passed around. Seals travel at about 20 miles an hour, and are capable of "bolting" for a short time at about 100 miles an hour. They cannot remain submerged, without drowning, more than twenty minutes. If an ice field is more than two or three miles across, and too heavy to be broken from beneath, seals will not undertake to swim under it. Drowned seals are never reported. A man, standing on a pinnacle, cannot begin to estimate an ice-field with the accuracy that a seal can. How does the seal do it?

Thus, lucidly and with the knowledge of a man who has travelled up and down the waters of the earth does George Allan England tell the complete story, from fitting-out to return, of the "Great Atlantic Seal-Fishery," for readers of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN beginning in an early issue. Dozens of photographs taken by the author, and others by aerial observers of the herds will accompany the article.

Mr. England is among the leading American writers of the present day, and we are privileged to have him with us. He has sold over half a million words of fiction yearly to many large magazines, and has written no less than twenty books, as well as stories of travel, translations from French and Spanish authors, poetry, etc.



The author hauling sculp. Amateur performance, totally lacking in technique.





By the Fisherman's Doctor

**M**ACKEREL from Lubec have been selling plentifully in Maine coast towns.

A fine new fishing vessel built by Wilbur A. Morse at Friendship was launched a few weeks ago. The vessel, the *Delia C. Smith*, is 82 feet in length, 18½ ft. beam, and draws eight feet, and is built of oak and hard pine, has a Fairbanks-Morse Diesel engine of 100 H.P. The engine also operates the dragging machinery, and the vessel is lighted by electricity. She has accommodations for a crew of eight, and is thoroughly equipped and up to date. She will be operated by Capt. M. T. Smith of New Bedford.

Henry Bryant of Jonesport is buying lobsters at Vinalhaven for the Willard Daggett Co. of Portland.

Following the appearance of mackerel on the Maine coast bluefish have showed up in considerable numbers.

Mr. Collins of Lowell, Mass., on vacation in Bradford, went to Pleasant Point, embarked in a fishing boat, and spent a couple of hours deep-sea fishing, and brought back five hundred pounds of good marketable fish, among them a cod weighing thirty-five pounds.

Last week Everett Lamoine broke in his new motorboat by going out on the deep and catching a halibut weighing one hundred and thirty-seven pounds.

Alfred A. Simmons—act. 73, fisherman of Long Island, Bremen, was drowned while engaged in hauling his lobster traps off Long Island. When his boat was discovered adrift the life saving crews at Burnt Island and White Head were notified and they salvaged the boat but had not as yet recovered the body.

Fresh salmon caught in Passamaquoddy Bay have been selling this week in Eastport at forty cents a pound.

A party of vacationists from Franklin went to Corea, and when the tide permitted them to embark went out on a short fishing excursion and in very short order caught two hundred pounds of fine haddock.

The sardine factory of R. J. Peacock at Machiasport received its first lot of sardine herring since last September and reopened for business July 26.

Capt. Simpson of Bluehill Falls has sold his vessel, the *Joanna Durgin*, to Herbert Seavey of Winter Harbor.

Smackmen are paying thirty-five cents a pound for lobsters.

At Swan's Island hand liners and trawlers have been doing very well. Hake are plentiful and have brought a dollar a cwt. to fishermen, but now the price has dropped to eighty-five cents. The run of extra large, and good sized cod is slackening up, and they are not so plentiful. Haddock are very plentiful and of good quality, and fetch a cent to cent and a half. Local weirs have not been doing much lately and bait is scarce, and many fishermen have to buy bait from the eastward. Lobsters are yet thirty-five cents and though the business picked up a little, lobstering is not near so good as at this time last year.

A few shadders are beginning to show up.

Ralph Benson has a new thirty foot boat being built by the Rich Brothers at Duck Cove, having sold his former boat to parties at Corea.

The fishermen get twenty cents a pound for halibut and some are being brought in most every day now.

Sixteen boats are actively engaged at Manset.

Lots of silver hake have been seen along the coast.

Herring of sardine size are beginning to show up in larger schools and a few of the factories in and around Passamaquoddy bay have started up and if the herring come in sufficient quantity most of the factories will begin canning, much to the relief of the large number of sardine factory operatives in and around Eastport and Lubec.

**I**N case anyone has the idea that Martha's Vineyard has sunk or drifted from her moorings, this will notify the world afloat that we are still here in the midst of the waters as usual. It may not be necessary to make this announcement, but we doubt if anyone has caught sight of the Island for the biggest part of a month.

The fog has rolled in from every quarter of the compass and while the Island itself has been fairly clear a good part of the time, the water roundabout has been so darned well covered up that the boys have often made three or four attempts before they could find it with a drawbuck.

Naturally, this has had its effect on the fishing. The swordfishermen have had their bumps and the handliners and lobstermen fared worse for these lads depend on ranges more than anything else and you can't do much with ranges when you can't see the length of a catboat.

Actually the luck was cut square in two. The first half of the month stacking up in pretty fair shape and the last half narrowing down like the small end of a pot funnel.

Tinker mackerel have begun to run and are fetching a pretty good price and there have been more bluefish and bonita caught this season than for a good many years. We haven't had any flukes around here until the very last part of the month but the boys are getting some now and they run fine for size. In fact all of the fish that have run at all, have been very good sized except sea bass and bluefish.

Lobstering is better than it was but is pretty poor, at that. It seems probable that the boys will ask for some new legislation on the lobster fishery this year. They are all pretty well agreed on certain points and will probably decide on just what they want to ask for, before very long.

The announcement of the state board of health that no more permits to ship quohaugs would be renewed caused something of a flutter among our boys for a while. The attorney general ruled that the health department had no authority to revoke these permits for violations of the laws or conditions as set forth on the certificates, and therefore announced that no more would be issued until the law could be overhauled and recaulked or something to that effect.

As our shell-fishing, outside of the sea-scalloping is worth around \$125,000 a year and employs nearly two hundred boats, the boys were worried. After having had the devil's own time to get the permits and after the market and packing house had been rebuilt as you might say in order to meet the requirements of the law, it sure got under the fellows' hides to think of losing the whole season just because some doggone mud-diggers miles away from us had broken the law.

We have no contaminated water here whatsoever and Vineyard quohaugs command the best prices in the New York markets, all of which made the thing seem most darned unjust. But everything seems to be alright once more. Our representative, Capt. Ernest J. Dean, had a hunch last spring that something was going to drop and made a blanket application for renewals of permits for all men who had them last year. Both he and our Congressman, Charles L. Gifford, have assured the boys that all is well and there is no more worry on the Edgartown flats.

The sea-scalloping industry is developing fast. Between our own boats and the strangers, there are about thirty in the fleet. Some are launches and others, schooners with everything in between.

Of course it isn't the pleasantest place in the world where they find these scallops but if a man is on to his job, he cleans up. The bed now being worked lays twenty to thirty miles southwest of Nomansland and it is large enough so the boats don't have to get within miles of each other.

Incidents and accidents have been rare, as usual. The Boston sloop *Gorilla* piled up on Cuttyhunk in a little blow we had the last of June. None were lost but the sloop will never sail again.



## Notes of the Supply & Equipment Trade

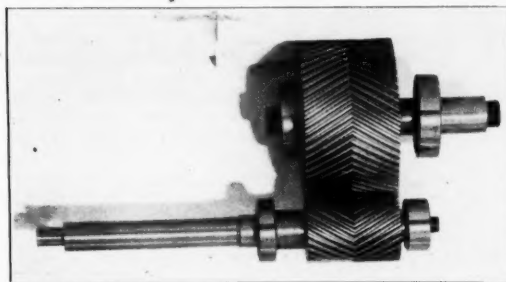
### Reduction Gear Drive Motors Reduce Operating Cost

IT is claimed that the introduction of the reduction gear drive motors will permit the use of lighter weight and more flexible motors in fishing boats, and that the operating cost of the reduction gear drive motors is far less than that of the heavy low speed motors.

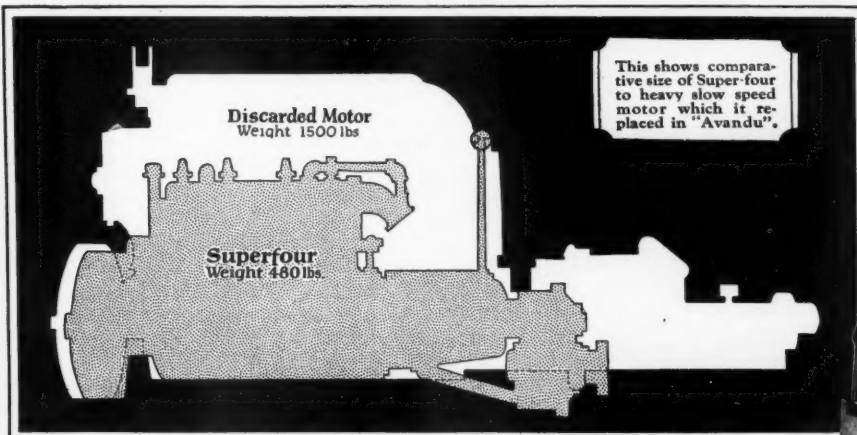
An accurate test was conducted by the Universal Motor Company to make comparison between a heavy, direct drive

motor turned a 24x24 propeller 575 R. P. M. The gasoline consumption of this motor was 1½ miles per gallon, while the oil consumption was excessive, being 20 miles per gallon.

The Universal Super-four Model GLS-R 15-30 h. p. equipped with a 2¼ to 1 reduction gear was substituted for the heavy motor and operated under the same conditions, using the same wheel, turning it at the same revolutions, and the gasoline mileage was increased to 6 miles per gallon, and the oil consumption was practically negligible, amounting to only one



Cut above illustrates the herringbone type gears used in the Universal silent reduction gear drive. The driven gear is mounted on a six spline shaft and the gear floats on the shaft, the thrust being taken on the bearings. The gears are inclosed in an oil tight housing and run in a bath of oil, eliminating both noise and wear.



This shows comparative size of Super-four to heavy slow speed motor which it replaced in "Avandu".

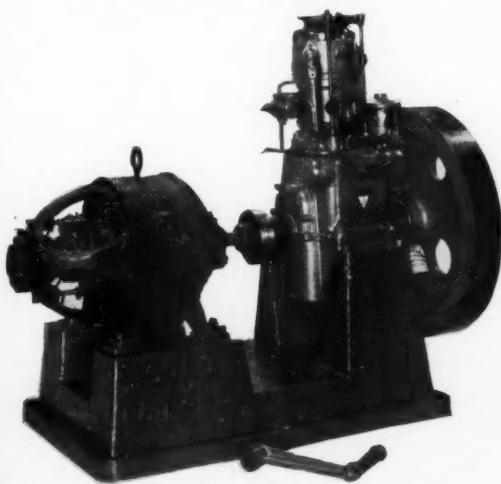
motor and their lightweight reduction gear motor, using a nine ton 38 foot cabin boat to obtain the comparative data.

The original power plant in the 38-foot boat was a four-cylinder, four-cycle motor with a bore and stroke of 5"x6". The



The "Avandu", a fan-tail type, 9-ton cruiser.

### 5 KW Colo-Diesel Generator



5 inch bore by 7 inch stroke, 750 r. p. m. 4 cycle solid injection, instantaneous starting from cold.

quart in the 150 mile run. According to these tests, on a run of 30 miles per day, the saving in gasoline would amount to 15 gallons, and at 20¢ per gallon, the saving in gasoline alone would be \$3.00 a day. The old 5x6 motor weighed 1500 pounds, whereas the Universal reduction gear motor weighed only 490 pounds, effecting a saving of over 1,000 pounds in weight.

The reduction gear can be furnished on all Universal Flexi-four 10-15 h. p. motors as well as on all Super-four Model GLS 15-30 h. p. and Model GLH 25-45 h. p. motors.

Complete data can be obtained by writing to the Universal Motor Company at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

### Vacuum Oil Company Distributor

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The Kinney Manufacturing Co., Hyde Windlass Co., and the Columbian Bronze Corp. have each issued new catalogs of their respective lines recently. Copies may be obtained gratis by requesting them.

## With Captain Bill in the North Bay

By CHARLES FREEMAN HERRICK

### A Narrative of the old Mackerel Seining Days

#### Chapter III

NEXT morning at daylight the call came down the companionway: "Come on boys, we'll get underway".

After the mainsail and foresail were set, we commenced heaving ahead on our anchor and when it was finally on the bow, we passed out of the Straits and into the North Bay. The wind had changed into the northwest during the night, and we stretched across toward East Point, the southern end of Prince Edward's Island, forty or fifty miles away. In the afternoon the wind checked to the west then southwest and we were sailing over a smooth sea up the east coast of the Island. A man was stationed on the foremasthead, and was scanning the sea in every direction. Soon I heard him call out: "There's three or four vessels about two points on the lee bow and they act as though they were 'on fish'." The captain came forward and went up the rigging; when he reached the cross-trees, he sung out, "Keep her off a little!" then, "Steady as you go". We could now see the schooners from the deck, and they were tacking and jibing around like so many flies around a jar of honey.

I now for the first time saw the actual objective of our voyage and was possessed by the utmost impatience to draw nearer and see our crew and schooner a part of these activities. I glanced at different members of the crew and saw in every countenance a restrained though intense interest in what might be going on ahead. I looked aloft and saw the man on lookout with the skipper point to leeward. After looking a few moments more in the direction indicated, the skipper shouted: "Keep her off a little! Steady your wheel; slack off your main sheet; haul up the big seine boat and put her to the swinging boom". Then he called out, "Keep her off a little more!" Then, "Steady as you go." In a few moments the order came, "Get ready to man the boat," and at this call the crew hustled fore and aft and with orderly precision, made ready to go aboard the big seine boat.

Then soon the captain's voice again barked out: "Hard down!" and as the *Augusta E.* shot into the wind, he sung out again "Steady!" and in the same breath, "Main the boats." I saw him jump to the backstay and slide almost like a blue streak to the deck and with two leaps he jumped to the vessel's rail. Then he landed on the big net in the seine boat. As he jumped he shouted, "Come on Frazier," and to the forward oarsman "Cast her off!" The cook gave me a push from the wheel and exclaimed, "Jump for the seine Frazier, quick!" I made a running leap for the boat and as I landed on top of the twine I staggered backward and would have fallen into the sea had not Long Fred, with one swoop of his powerful arms, and with a mighty heave pulled me bodily into the boat.

"Make two leaps of it next time, Frazier," he said with a laugh. "Come aft, Frazier," said the Captain, "I guess you can throw the corks," and so I took my place beside him in the stern of the boat and waited for orders, having a very limited idea of what "throwing the corks" might mean. Long Fred stood on the seine looking ahead. All at once he cried out "There they are, skipper". The Captain answered, "I see them," and gave a mighty heave on the long steering oar.

I strained my eyes in the direction they were looking and almost immediately saw what appeared to be thousands of fish as near as fifty feet from our boat; I could plainly see their heads protruding from the water. Then the skipper spoke

again: "Now boys, start her ahead; give her a good stroke, long and strong," and the united strength of fifteen sturdy men as they bent their backs to the long sweeps, sent the big boat spinning through the water like a shark.

Then the Captain called out: "Stand by your twine," and Long Fred and his bight passer jumped down in front of the big net. At this moment the skipper gave a pull on the big steering oar and shouted out, "Give 'em the twine"! He now reached down in front of me, grabbed the small keg which was tied to the end of the corks and threw it overboard saying to me at the same moment, "Keep your corks going, Frazier."



As he manipulated the steering oar he occasionally reached down in front of me, and threw over a few fathoms of the corks, while I worked frantically at the unaccustomed task, but try as I would, I could not keep them going fast enough and had it not been for this assistance from the skipper, I should have been hopelessly snarled in a maze of corks and twine.

I was too busy to notice anything that was going on about me except that I knew we were making a big circle. The first thing I saw was our dory which had picked up the keg that the Captain had thrown over when we started to set our seine. As we shot up to the dory, one of the men passed two ropes and called out: "Here's your end line," and a second later "purse line". The purse line was placed in two snatch blocks which hung on a small

crane amidships, and all hands began to haul away.

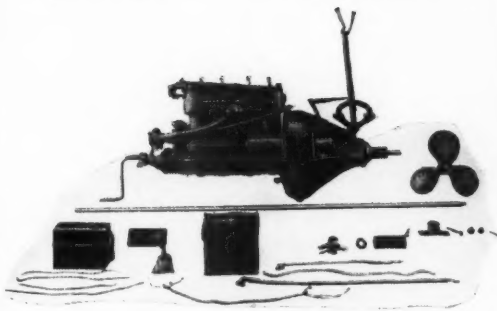
This was all done in less time than it takes to tell it. Presently, every man in the boat was pursuing away lustily. Now the skipper sung out: "Cross hauls, boys! Close her together!" In a few minutes more I saw a big bunch of rings come up to the rail, and after taking them in, the crew commenced to pull in on the twine the entire length of the boat. Then Long Fred said to me with a good natured grin: "Come Frazier, get aft there and haul in them corks; you threw them over you know". In a few minutes I saw Uncle Harris grab a large mackerel from the twine and sing out: "We got 'em boys," and the Captain who had gone out to the corks with the man in the dory, exclaimed: "Yes, you're right I can feel them on the twine."

Presently the fish were dried up in a small space and the skipper said: "There's only a few; I guess the dory will carry them, won't she, Uncle Harris?" "I guess so," he replied, and as the men bailed the fish into the dory with small dip nets it was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed. There were thousands of them and they were flipping and jumping all over the dory. When they were all out of the twine the dory was loaded within two or three inches of her gunwale.

The *Augusta E.* now came down the wind; the Captain waved his hat, and Nub shot the schooner up to us, threw a line and we soon had the boat at the swinging boom again, and were hauling the seine on deck. When she was stowed back on the boat it was growing dark, and while part of the crew had been helping with the seine the balance were dressing the mackerel and to my surprise, when I went on to the main deck they were just scooping the last of them into the dressing box.

There were a little over eight barrels; Uncle Harris and Saddler were doing the splitting and Bennie told me later that either of them could split sixty a minute. He also

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said that when the whole gang were dressing they could take care of three hundred or three hundred and fifty barrels at one time. "Do you ever catch that many at one set of the seine?" I asked. "Godfrey Mighty, yes," said Bennie. "Since I've been with Captain Bill I've seen us bail the

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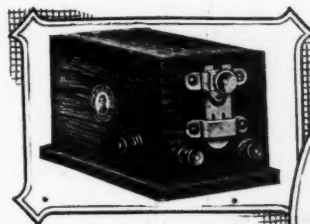
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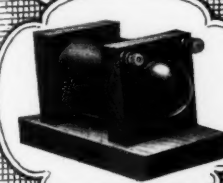
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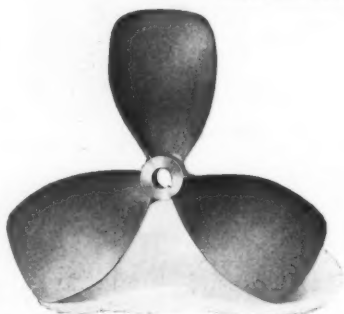
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fifteen feet of water where we caught 'em. Why, the skipper touched bottom with the steering oar. I never saw so many fish so near the shore before; we shared two hundred and forty dollars on that trip, out just a week," said Bennie. "You're the luckiest man in the fishing fleet to get a berth on the *Augusta E.*" "Why," he said, as he spat over the rail, "I was two years trying to get my chance; then one of the crew was lost overboard or I wouldn't have got it then. Do you know, Frazier, there's men aboard here that have been going with Captain Bill ever since he was in the old *Atwood* and I guess that's ten years ago maybe more but what I know; well," he said, "Guess I'll hit the straw now; I got a watch coming from twelve to one."

With these words he sauntered away forward, and I cast my eye about me. I noted there was only one man on deck; the schooner was laying with her jib to windward heading off shore. I could see a number of lights to leeward three or four miles away and wondering what they might signify, I went aft and spoke to the man on watch. "What are those lights off there, Kent?" I asked. "Somebody dressing fish," he said. "Must have caught a big school," I observed. "You can't tell," he answered. "It all depends on who they are. Maybe its some of them 'Pork fatters'. If it is they'd be all night dressing twenty-five barrels". I laughed and thinking I would ask Kent later the meaning of the term 'Pork fatters' I went forward to my bunk and slept until called to my watch which came from two to three.

When I came on deck, Tom who called me said: "You got her Frazier, call the skipper at daybreak". When my watch was over and the next man took my place I passed on the skipper's orders and went back to my bunk again thankful for a few hours more rest, the excitement of the last twenty-four hours having rendered me unusually tired.

(To be Continued.)

## The Dory, Broncho of the Sea

(Continued from Page 17)

"The fifth day it was foggy again. They rowed for a couple of hours but it took hold of 'em so they had to quit an' let her drift. That night they was mighty bad, let me tell you, mighty bad!

"Mornin' of the sixth day they could see the sun overhead but 'twant clear an' no vessel was in sight. They well nigh give up hope that night. Water was most gone an' they doled it out pretty careful an' kept up as sharp a lookout as they could.

"Wa'al, sir, when they saw the sun go down for the eighth time they knew they couldn't last more'n another day. They divvied up the cupful or so of water left, gulped it, an' with arms 'round each other for warmth, fell in the dory's bottom an' prayed for a speedy death. Queer, the amount of punishment the human body 'll take, now ain't it?

"Long about midnight Roberts thought he heard a noise an' dragged his head up above the gunnel. Praise God! There was a steamer's lights not more 'n a quarter of a mile to the east'ard an' headed their way.

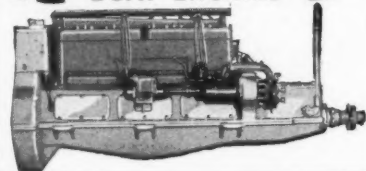
"Roberts grabbed Austin an' shook him back to life an' they both put all their strength into one despairin' yell for help, just as the oncomin' craft was abreast 'em. 'Twas a feeble shout at that but the lookout on the steamer heard it!

"Kind of funny but do you know Austin and Roberts found out that about an hour before their rescue, the cap'n of the steamer shifted his course half a p'int to the nor'd. If he hadn't a done that his craft would never have come within hailin' distance. Roberts told me himself that this must have been just the time he made what he thought would be his last prayer to God A'mighty to save 'em! Strange now, wan't it?"

Nobody but unbelievers are likely to deny that an omniscient power saw fit to return these dorymates to their lives and friends, yet who shall deny either that their little bank dory itself, because of its wonderful seaworthiness, buoyantly rode waves that would have swamped ordinary types of small boats?

Bronchos of the sea, indeed!

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By M. E. McNulty

ONE of the latest boats to enter the lobster fishery is one recently launched for Dana B. Blackman. This craft was built at Newcastle by Staples & Hall, and is 35 feet long, 10½ feet beam and 4½ feet draught. The boat is equipped with a 30 horse power engine.

William H. MacNichol, manager of the MacNichol Packing Company at Deep Cove, is back in the harness after a siege of illness. He was confined to the Calais Hospital for several weeks during which he was operated on. His condition was so serious at one time that his sister and brother were summoned from New York. They remained at his bedside until the crisis was passed. Mr. MacNichol has been identified with fish packing in the international border region for more than 35 years.

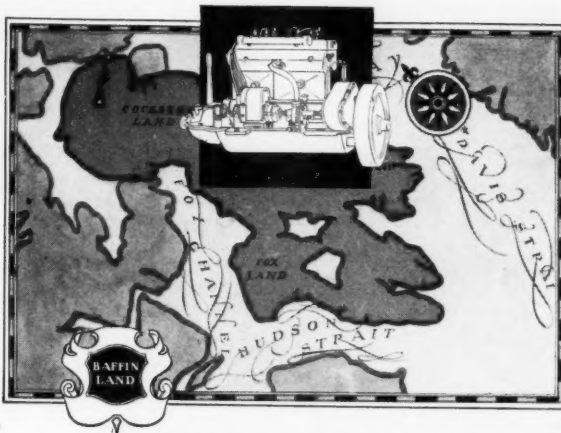
Fishing activities in Minas Basin have been quite active since the early spring. Reports are that haddock are very scarce but that cod and herring are plentiful. Lobsters are not abundant but are fairly plentiful. There has been little trouble in securing 25 cents a pound for the lobsters suitable for the Boston and New York markets. Never before have the buyers for these markets been so numerous in Minas Basin and between that section and Digby. The small lobsters have been bought up by the canneries at from 5 to 8 cents each. There have been few good sized lobsters caught in Minas Basin this year, practically all of them having been of fair sizes. The abundance of the herring and cod has led to the establishing of curing and smoke houses along the coast by some of the fishermen. The increase in the tourist traffic from New England has stimulated the home market for the cod and herring, fresh, cured and smoked as well as for the lobsters. The demand for the cod and herring has been keener from the towns paralleling the bay than in recent years. The canneries are willing buyers of the small lobsters, but these are reported not as plentiful as those suitable for shipping to Boston.

The buyers representing the Boston lobster firms had not been devoting much attention to that section of the Bay of Fundy between Digby and the innermost points in the Bay of Fundy, until the season was about half over. Then several of them operated their smacks along the coast past Digby, whence they had not passed previously, on speculation. Finding the shipping lobsters fairly plentiful, others followed the example set by the minority.

The d'Entremonts of the Pubnicos are becoming well represented in the fisheries along the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. During the past dozen years, scores of members of families bearing this name have migrated from the Pubnicos to New England. Practically all the d'Entremonts are vitally interested in the fisheries. In fact it is one of the leading family names in maritime provincial fishing. Only recently, three members of the same family, a trio of brothers, Paul, Jerome and Theodore left the Pubnicos for Boston.

James G. d'Entremont of Pubnico, fishery inspector in that district, made a tour of the numerous Tusket Islands recently, making official inspections of the lobster canneries among the islands. The inspector made the tour in a smack owned by the South Shore Packing Company.

Ralph Stuart and Lester Turner of the staff of the Paispearl Products Company, operating a Passamaquoddy Bay plant at Harris Cove are back at this factory following several weeks spent at Readville, Va., where the Paispearl Products Company also maintains a plant. This firm produces artificial pearl and imitation jewelry of various kinds from the scales of fish. There have been several of these plants opened in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy in recent years, thus giving the fishermen a side line, enabling them to sell the scales as well as the fish.



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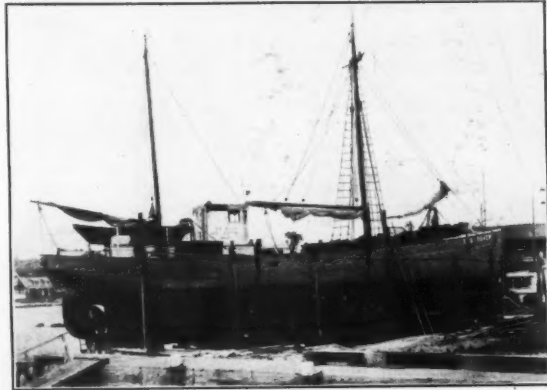


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